

# The Killing

Paramaecium

He was led to the place  
Which was called Skull  
Driving nails  
Into His wrists and heel  
Pain

The Christ of prophecy  
Hung there until dead  
Blood shed

He gave up His spirit  
And such was the end

The corpse still warm  
Was removed the tree  
And sent to its burial

Hewn in rock  
This deep, silent tomb